

*Ant.* We two my Lord, will guard your person,  
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

*Seb.* What a strange drowfines possesse them?

*Ant.* It is the quality o' th' Climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde

Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

*Seb.* What art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not heare me speake?

*Seb.* I do, and surely

It is a sleepe Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet so fast asleepe.

*Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't

Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou do'st more distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

*Seb.* Well: I am standing water.

*Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaime

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

*Ant.* Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd;

As he that sleepes here, swims.

*Seb.* I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

*Seb.* *Claribell*.

*Ant.* She that is *Queene of Tunis*: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*

Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were poft:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,

(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stufte is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's *Queene of Tunis*,

So is she heire of *Naples*, twixt which Regions

There is some space.

*Ant.* A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*

Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnneccessarily

As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your advancement? Do you vnderstand me?

*Seb.* Me thinkes I do.

*Ant.* And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

*Ant.* True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,

Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But for your conscience.

*Ant.* I Sir: where lies that? If'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences

That stand twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):

Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say besties the houre.

*Seb.* Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,

I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,

And I the King shall loue thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzallo*.

*Seb.* O, but one word.

*Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.*

*Ariel.* My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

*Sings in Gonzalloes eare.*

While you here do snooring lie,

Open'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If

If of Life you keepe a care,

Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

*Ant.* Then let vs both be sodaine.

*Gon.* Now, good Angels preferue the King.

*Alon.* Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare most terribly,

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

*Alon.* Heard you this *Gonzallo*?

*Gon.* Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,

That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne.

*Gon.* Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:

For he is sure i'th Island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ariell.* *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder heard.)*

*Cal.* All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp

From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him

By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,

And yet I needes must curle. But they'll nor pinch,

Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,

Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke

Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but

For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,

Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount

Their prickes at my foot-fall: sometime am I

All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues

Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me! *Trinculo.*

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,

Perchance he will not minde me.

*Tri.* Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beere off any

weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it

sing i'th' winde: yond same blaëke cloud, yond huge

one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his

liquor: if it should thunder, as 't did before, I know

not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot

chooße but fall by paille-fuls. What haue we here, a man,

or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a

very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England*  
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not  
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:  
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange  
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a  
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see  
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like  
Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let loose my o-  
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Island-  
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,  
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-  
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-  
bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-  
lows: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme  
be past.

*Enter Stephano singing.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans

Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

*Drinkee.*

*Sings.* The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;

The Gunner, and his Mate

Lon'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of vs car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

She lov'd not the sauer of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

*Cal.* Doe not torment me: oh:

*Ste.* What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of

Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard

now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-  
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him

giue ground: and it shall be said to againe, while *Ste-*

*phano* breathes at' nostrils.

*Cal.* The Spirit torments me: oh.

*Ste.* This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;

who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell

should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-  
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe

him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-  
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-  
ther.

*Cal.* Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my

wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the

wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer

dranke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit:

if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take

too much for him; hee shall pay for him that bath him,

and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-

non, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prospero* workes

vpon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here

is that which will giue language to you Cats, open your

mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and

that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open

your chaps againe.

*Tri.* I should know that voyce:

It should be,

But